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The Comforting Text.

I always had a great horror of chloroform, and declared over and over again—when in perfect health—that I would rather die than take it. So you may imagine my dismay when, consulting a doctor one day about a swelling on my neck, he declared that I had best take a room in St. Anne's Hospital for a fortnight, as I would have to undergo a slight operation.

'An operation!' I exclaimed; 'but not with chloroform, because I could not take it.'

'My dear young lady, it is well seen you are not acquainted with that great boon to suffering humanity. The taking of chloroform is but a small matter; trust yourself entirely to me, and you will have nothing to regret.'

The doctor was an elderly gentleman,

with a most kindly face; his clear gray eyes beamed with benevolence and sympathy. He patted me on the head with his soft hand, and added, in a most persuasive tone of voice: 'Never fear, you will be all right.'

'Oh, but could you do it without chloroform, doctor? I would rather feel any amount of pain than take it.'

'Oh, yes, I could do it, but you could not stand it.'

I saw it was no use remonstrating any longer. I felt like a little Skye terrier trying to shove a St. Bernard off the road. The next day I was installed in a private room of St. Anne's Hospital in a very unhappy frame of mind. I tried to find relief in prayer, but a painful restlessness would not leave me. The saying good-bye to my affectionate pupils had been a great trial to me. I had left them at the station on their way for a seaside holiday, hoping to join them after a successful operation.

I spent three unhappy days. I did not care to read, and could not concentrate my thoughts on any subject, except the misery of my situation. I was delighted with my nurse, who did everything in her power to rouse me.

On the morning of the dreaded operation day, the postman brought me a long-shaped parcel. It was very thin; the address written in my eldest pupil's handwriting. I opened it, and my eyes met the text beautifully worked 'As Thy day, so shall thy strength be.'

I read the words over and over; they were to me like a direct message from heaven. Tears of gratitude came into my eyes. The text was familiar to me. I had often read it thoughtlessly; now the meaning of it was like a revelation to me.

A great calm came over my mind, all restlessness passed away, I felt ashamed of my want of trust. I thanked God fervently for such a wealth of comfort sent to me. I had prayed before, but prayers for my recovery. Now I prayed, 'Thy will be done,' and I felt happy.

When summoned to the operation-room the doctor took my hand, spoke a few kind reassuring words. I thought over the words of the text, inhaled the chloroform quietly, and, instead of all the imagined horrors, I felt a most pleasurable sensation of floating away. The doctor informed me afterwards that not one of his patients had ever taken it better. On awakening, I seemed to hear soft whispering voices first of all, then I felt nurse touching my hands, recognized her smiling face, and heard the doctor say beside me: 'Oh, you are awake, are you? now you are all right.'

I had no discomfort from the dose, only a headache for a few hours. My wound healed rapidly, and I was able to join my pupils in a short time. The text has been framed, and my eyes meet its many-colored letters on awakening every morning.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Grandmas' Message.

(By Helena H. Thomas, in 'American Messenger.')

Among my friends I count so many sweet-faced grandmas that old age is to a great extent robbed of any but its beautiful side.

But the one of whom I now write had been so sorely afflicted since a former meeting that I half-expected to find her unlike her old cheery self. Blindness had been added to the loss of husband and children, but, 'I am so glad to see you, dear,' was her greeting to me, and the speaker looked cheerful in spite of her sightless eyes.

At first we talked of everything but the fresh sorrow which had come to the aged one; but after a little she said cheerily:

'Do tell me what you have read lately; you see, I must look to my friends for my eyes, these days.'

Afterwards she talked freely of her blindness, which led me to say,

'I cannot understand how you can resign yourself to the loss of your sight when you have been all your life such a reader.'

She answered, 'I've a message to the dear young people, and I want you to give it to them.'

'Me!' exclaimed I in surprise; 'it would carry ten times as much influence if your own lips spoke the message.'

'Oh,' she replied with a winsome laugh, 'you do not understand me. I do try to reach the young people about me, but I am not satisfied; I want all the world to hear my message. Won't you please set the ball a-rolling?'

A few words more made her meaning clear, and I gladly promised to pass on her messages as best I could.

'I want you to tell them that I was born in New York city over eighty years ago and that I was the only child of wealthy parents; but that I had a wise Christian mother whose watchful care and painstaking I never appreciated as I do to-day.'

She blushed in spite of her years as she added half-shyly, 'For, if I do say it, I was quite a belle, and received so much attention that my head might have been turned but for my dear mother.

'Tell them that I had the best school advantages New York furnished at that time, and that being fond of study I made the most of my opportunities and carried off first honors time and again.

'But tell them the best of it all was that my mother not only insisted on a daily reading of the Bible, but every week for years she expected me to recite to her a psalm or chapter committed during the week; not in a half-learned stumbling way, but so thoroughly that time could not rob me of it.

'Foolish girl—I often rebelled and called it a waste of time; but my mother wasn't one of the yielding sort, thank God!

'You say you wonder how I take my loss of sight so cheerfully. That is the wonder of all my friends, knowing my life-long fondness for reading. But I owe it all to my mother; for, thanks to her, my memory is so full of Bible gems that as I ponder them over and over I am happy in spite of my many afflictions.

'The days are all night to me now, but

the blessed truths of the Bible committed in my youth are a lamp to my feet and a joy to my heart.

'Oh tell the dear young people, for me, to store up Bible truths and take them to heart if they neglect everything else! Other things don't amount to much when people are where I am. Why, I was quite a linguist in my day and a skilled performer on several instruments; but it is all gone from me now. My memory plays me such tricks that now I can scarcely speak my mother-tongue properly; but the psalms and chapters I once thought it a waste of time to commit stand right by me and are a lamp to my feet. Want to hear me repeat some?'

Of course I said 'Yes,' and at that grandma leaned back in her chair and closing her sightless eyes repeated psalm after psalm without the slightest hesitancy, until pausing with face aglow she said,

'I declare, I forgot I wasn't alone; but I could keep right on for hours yet.'

Then reaching out and feeling over a table within reach, she took up a well-worn Bible, handled it lovingly and reverently a moment and then said,

'Dear old Bible! My eyes can no longer gaze on your precious pages, but you are my comfort still. Without your blessed truths stored up in my memory life would be unbearable; no light, no comfort anywhere! But now I realize the truth of the line learned seventy-five years ago: "In thy light shall we see light."'

Study by Topics.

One good way of studying the Bible for spiritual profit is the topical method. We may take a particular subject, and find from all parts of the Scriptures all that bears upon it or will throw light on it. For example, take God's forgiveness. There are many superficial notions on this subject. Many make it altogether too easy a matter to be forgiven, having no thought of the divine holiness or of the real meaning of sin. Trace the subject of forgiveness through the Scriptures, getting the light of all the great passages on it. The result of such a study will be a deepened sense of the guilt of sin, new visions of the divine holiness, a fresh impression of the meaning of the cross, and then a wonderful view of the fulness and completeness of the forgiveness which God bestows upon all who confess their sins and accept Jesus Christ as their redeemer.

Or take a series of studies on the character of God,—his holiness, his love, his grace, his fatherly care. Or find out what the Bible has to say about the Christian life, what it is to be a Christian, the Christian's privileges, duties, and responsibilities. The promises may be sought out and gathered into clusters. Special studies of such interest and profit will be found in looking up such words as 'peace,' 'joy,' 'hope,' 'faith' 'love.'

This topical method of Bible reading yields valuable results if it is pursued reverently and thoroughly. It enables us to see the many sides of truth, and thus to get a better conception of it; for, as a rule, no one text shows us the whole of any inspired teaching. Wrong views are often held by superficial Bible readers because they have taken their impression from a single verse instead of getting all the light upon the subject which they could find in the whole book.

For this topical study, a concordance and a Bible text-book are the only helps required. The concordance shows all the passages in which the word itself occurs. Besides this, there usually are other passages which treat of the topic, and this a good text-book will indicate. It is profitable, also, to follow out in a reference Bible the various references for each verse turned to, as of times this will throw additional light on the subject.

All this requires much time and thought, but the results will richly repay the devout student. It is a search for gold and gems in which one's quest is never in vain.—'S. S. Times.'

Where is Tommy Jones?

(George W. Morse.)

Making the attainment of high percentage a definite object of Sunday-school attendance is an injury to any Sunday-school. What is the Sunday-school for? Is it not to lead the scholars to the knowledge of God and of his love? Is it not to induce them to become his children? Is not the ultimate aim of the Sunday-school to save the lives of the scholars for time and for eternity? And yet is it not true that, in the eagerness to obtain a high percentage of attendance, this very object of the Sunday-school is often overlooked? in the desire to become the 'banner school' as to percentage only, it is true that both the temporal and eternal welfare of souls are oftentimes forgotten, and names are ruthlessly stricken from the roll, names the owners of which might, with more attention and better care, have been kept in the school and trained in the way of truth, brought into the Good Shepherd's fold—and kept there.

Of course, the officers, teachers and scholars all want Harmony Sunday-school to get the banner next month. The secretary informs the superintendent that quite a number of scholars have not been present for some time—four, five or six Sundays, it may be. 'We might get the banner if it were not for these names on the roll.' The superintendent sees this, and he wants the names off, but is too kind-hearted and considerate to order them off, so he directs the secretary to pass around the school, and inquire of the teachers, and see how many names can be taken off. The teachers are visited, inquiries made and answered in a half-indifferent way, and the pencil is run through name after name.

Among others comes the name of Tommy Jones. He has been absent four Sundays. The secretary, 'See, here, teacher, how about Tommy Jones? We want to get the banner next month, and I don't see any use in keeping names on the roll when the scholars won't come.' Teacher looks at class book. 'Yes, that is so,—four Sundays.' Addresses the class: 'Boys, any of you know anything about Tom Jones?' 'Yes, sir,' says one, 'he was playing with us boys on the street yesterday.' 'Well did he say anything about coming to Sunday-school?' 'Yes, sir; he told me he wasn't coming any more,—he didn't like this Sunday-school, anyhow.' 'Oh! well, if he's not coming any more, it's no use to keep his name on the roll. Scratch it off, secretary.' Off goes poor Tommy's name,—and the school's percentage is raised. When the secretary gets through, quite a number of names have been lost from the roll, lost to the school, and the prospect of getting the banner is bright indeed!

'Well,' some say, 'is there anything wrong in that?' 'Yes,' I say, 'much is there wrong in that.' Was sufficient effort made to find out the cause of Tommy's absence one Sunday, two Sundays, three or four Sundays? His teacher ought to have found out, if he possibly could, why Tommy was away the first Sunday, and he ought to have been alarmed at his absence the second Sunday, and have made every effort to discover the cause. 'Where there's a will there's a way.' Instead of that, the teacher has accepted a scholar's one-sided report as the whole truth, embodying all the facts, and has not made one effort to hear what Tom himself has to say about it.

Oh that we might be alive to the importance of saving the scholars! What is a large percentage at the roll's expense in comparison with the salvation of one? Let us not diminish the roll, but rather do all that can be done to increase it. And make every effort to increase the attendance. Let that be as large as consecrated officers and teachers, an attractive room, attractive literature, and attractive exercises, can make it. Let these be so delightfully magnetic that all the new scholars will become old scholars; and let no name be taken off the roll, except for sufficient cause, so long as there is a vacant seat in the room.

What becomes of the vast army of boys and girls, young men and young women, whose names are, month after month, year after year, taken off Sunday-school rolls? Suppose we try to follow up Tommy Jones, for example. It may be some kind Christian of another school will see him on the street, and say, 'Tommy, what are you doing playing out here on Sunday morning Don't you go to Sunday-school?' 'No, sir; I don't go now.' 'So, then, you did go. Well, which school did you attend, Tom?' 'Oh, I used to go to Harmony.' 'Well now, Tom, what made you stop?' 'Want me to tell you?' 'Yes.' 'Well, father and mother were both sick, and I had to stay home one Sunday,'—the voice falters, and tears will come.—'then father died, and the funeral was next Sunday. I was so sad and so lonesome. Neither my teacher nor anybody else from the school came to see me, and that hurt me; so I didn't go the third Sunday. Still nobody came, and that hurt me worse, and I said, "They don't care anything for me, there, any way," and I said I wouldn't go there any more.'

'Well, Tommy, I wouldn't stop Sunday-school if I were in your place; you come along, and go to my Sunday-school. We'll care for you, and you shall have a teacher that will look after you.'

But Tommy has a secret longing for Harmony Sunday-school. So he says, 'No, sir; I'll wait a while longer. Maybe somebody will come to inquire about me, and, if they do, I will go back.'

Poor Tom! He don't know that his name has been taken off the roll to increase the percentage. Nobody ever comes to see about him; he becomes bitten, he turns against the Sunday-school, he turns against professing Christians, he turns against the church, he mingles with bad associates, he spends his Sunday in sin, he goes on and on and on, no one knows where—but God. His loving eye is always upon him.

Tommy might have been saved. He might have become one of the brightest ornaments of society and of the church if the teacher had looked after him, and if it hadn't been for that high percentage.

Not in Vain.

(1 Cor. 15, 58.)

'Not in vain,' 'when you are weary
With the heavy cares of life,
When the heart is dull and dreary
With the burden and the strife.

Out of sight, yet ever seeing,
Christ is near you every day:
Fruitage large beyond your dreaming
Ripens while you toil and pray.

'Not in vain;' in all thy sorrow
God's great plan is moving on:
Soon the hour will strike the welcome
And the glorious work be done.

Lowly phrase of largest meaning,
Sweet suggestion of the Lord.
Opening sweetly to our thinking
Heaven's eternal great reward.

—H. E. Hart, in 'Everybody's Megazine.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

'Bought and Paid For.'

(A true story, in 'British Messenger.')

'I think perhaps that one will suit me best;' and a lady customer in a large and fashionable shop laid her hand upon a handsome velvet mantle that, with several others, had been submitted for her approval by the manager of that special department a man noted for his keen business capacity and his excellent powers as a salesman.

'Thank you, madam. Shall we enter it to you, or do you wish to pay for it?'

'Oh, I will pay for it now!' and so saying she laid the money upon the counter, and in a few moments the manager handed her the receipted bill, asking at the same time to what address the goods should be sent. After giving the information, the lady, looking up, said very quietly:

'That mantle is mine now, isn't it?'

'Certainly, madam.'

'So you will send it home to me without delay, will you not?'

'It will be at your home this afternoon, madam, unless anything unforeseen happens;' and with an amused and questioning look the manager eyed the lady.

'You won't keep it about here until it is old-fashioned and soiled and has lost its shine, will you? because it belongs to me now, not to you.'

Annoyance took the place of amusement now, as the man answered rather slowly:

'That is not our way of doing business, madam; we have no wish to dispute your claim to goods that you have purchased. You need have no anxiety about your mantle; it will be sent home by our next delivery.'

'Bought this morning—sent home and received by me this afternoon—yes, that will do;' and the lady rose as if to leave the shop. But not yet had she finished her business; or, perhaps (to be more correct), not yet had she begun it; for it was the King's business that had led her there just then! A letter received a few days before had told her something about the man who even then was waiting upon her—a son of many prayers (as yet apparently unanswered), whose life, with every promise of success, was lived for self and not for God; and a longing for his soul had brought this servant of the King in search of him that day.

'BOUGHT AND PAID FOR.'

So, standing up as if to go, she looked earnestly in his face, and said:

'You seem astonished that I am so anxious about my cloak, but do you always admit the claim of a purchaser to their purchase?'

'Certainly, madam.' There was a sharpness in the speaker now, as though his patience was exhausted.

'Then, do you recognize the claim of the Lord Jesus Christ to your life? for long ago He bought you, not with money but with blood, and His word makes known this claim in very plain language; "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." And I think you know how great the price was that was paid for you! at what tremendous cost the Son of God redeemed you, even with His precious blood! and don't you think He wants His purchase? you? your life? How often has He watched! how long has He wanted to see if you were coming home to Him in the freshness of your manhood, in your prime! He wants you now, at once, before your powers fail; He wants the best of your life. Are you going to wait until you are old and feeble before you yield to the claims of Jesus Christ? You are bought and paid for, but you've never gone home to him yet.' and with an earnest tenderness in face and voice, the lady turned and left the shop.

For a few moments the man stood as if utterly bewildered;—but the words had gone home; his very business capacity had proved a channel for their entrance, and he stood there 'convicted by his own conscience.' 'Bought and paid for—bought and paid for! You've never gone home to Him yet.' Upright and moral, he had hitherto prided himself upon his respectable life; but it was wholly for himself he lived! To make a business, to make a name, to make money—these were his aims, whilst the claim of God, the love of Christ, had been altogether ignored! The life that had been bought with the 'precious blood of Christ' had never recognized its Redeemer's rights of ownership!

A quick succession of customers proved, for a little while, a diversion to the man's thoughts, but every time the money was paid over the counter that afternoon the words came back, 'Christ wants His purchase.' Yes, as a business man he dare not detain the goods that had been paid for; they were no longer his—and deeper still the message pierced his soul: 'Bought and paid for!—bought and paid for!'

'Another ten minutes and I can be off,' he said at last, as a glance at his watch showed that closing time was at hand. 'I can't stand this much longer; I must get away.'

'Get away!' From what? From business certainly, but not from himself; for, like Belshazzar of old, it was 'his thoughts' that 'troubled him,' not his surroundings, and so where'er he went his thoughts went too, and, in spite of earnest efforts to divert them, the evening passed wearily away. A restless night followed, and indeed the next two or three days were little better, until at last he felt that, alone with God, he must face this matter and settle it.

And so one evening, instead of taking his usual walk, he turned his steps straight homeward to the lodging where he lived away from business. God's claiming hand was heavily upon him just then, not for the first time indeed, but perhaps more consciously than ever before—a double claim it seemed to be, a claim of love as well as right.

And presently the Bible, hitherto unopened and unread, was taken out—out from the box where a mother's hand had placed it two long years ago. 'I wonder where those verses are that lady quoted?' And in search of them he opened it and turned from page to page until at last his eyes rested upon the words in St. Peter's first epistle: 'Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation. . . . But with the precious blood of Christ. . .' Eagerly he read the words, and then lifting his eyes for a moment, they fell again upon the closing words of the second chapter: 'For ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned unto the Shepherd.' 'Ye were astray. . . Ye are returned'—returned to whom? 'Unto the Shepherd.' And in an

instant a verse learnt in childhood came back with fresh, new meaning to his heart: 'I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.'

Down upon his knees he fell, and there, alone with God, a full surrender was made; the life that had been so dearly bought was yielded to its Redeemer; the sheep that had for long been far astray returned to meet the Shepherd who had died for him. 'Lord Jesus, Thou hast bought me—I am not my own. In the blood that Thou didst shed wilt Thou wash my sins away, and make me now Thine own,

'"My only plea Christ died for me;
Oh, take me as I am!"'

And at that moment the Holy Spirit brought to his remembrance another verse that he had learnt in childhood:

'I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish.'

So there was the taking as well as the giving, the receiving of the divine life as well as the surrender of the human life, and in that blessed interchange there came the consciousness of pardon and peace; the redeeming blood again had done its mighty work with God and man; it had claimed and it had cleansed another precious soul, and there was joy in heaven that night, in the presence of the angels, over a sinner that had gone home to his Saviour and his God.

A. M. C.

How the Boys Came to the Rescue.

(By Mrs. O. B. Merrill, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Pahched goobers, five cents er quawt! Mighty nice 'un fresh!'

The tremulous old voice could hardly articulate the words with sufficient distinctness to be heard, while the tottering limbs seemed ready to refuse support to the poor, decrepit body. Life, hard enough at all times to the old negro, had grown doubly so within the last forty-eight hours, since the Town Council, in majority assembled, had seen fit to levy a tax of ten dollars a year upon all pedlers who did not reside within the limits of the corporation, and, alas, the peanut vender lived two miles out of town, nor could he live anywhere else. The hard-working daughter, who owned the tiny cabin, did her best, but with her family of small children it was not much.

'Hello, old Gooberpeas, what's up? You look like you'd just been to a funeral. Anybody dead?'

'Nor, sah, dar ain't nary pusson dead 's I knows on, but peahs like dar shore mought be, wid sich er heap ob truble in de wurl'.

'Why, what is the matter, Uncle?'

Jamie Bronson's bright face grew sober in sympathy with the old man, for whom he had a sincere liking, although he did use the nickname given him by the town boys. He listened attentively to his story, it was not a long one.

'It's a burning shame, Uncle. I'd just like to see them trying to collect that ten dollars.'

'Ef dey knt kerlec' hit, dey'll jes' furbid de peddin', 'n' den I'd like fur ter know what ebber dis yere pore chile am er gwine ter do. I wud so.'

'Now, see here, don't you get down in the mouth about it. Something 'll have to be done, you know. We're not going to have you treated in such a way.'

'Tank yo', you's mighty kine-hahrted, but I don't see no way outen de truble so fur.'

'Look here, Uncle, don't you remember that text. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass"?' There was a flush on the boyish cheeks. 'That's what you ought to do, don't you think so? He's the one to go to if we can't see any way out of a bother.'

'Yo's right, honey, yo's shore right. Maybe doh de heab'nly Mahster furgit dis chile.'

A troop of boys on their way to school came up just then, and Jamie turned away, but the old man's face had brightened, and his voice had a clearer ring as he cried his wares.

At recess, having called his friends together, Jamie held an indignation meeting. A great many propositions were made, plans discussed—brilliant ideas set forth, but nothing definite resolved upon. After school an adjourned meeting was held in Tom Gordon's backyard.

'I tell you what, boys, we're not going to stand by and see poor old Gooberpeas bothered in this way.'

'But, Tom, how can we help him? I reckon we'd pay the tax ourselves if we only had the money.'

'We must raise the money.'

'Whopee! suppose you all tell us how.'

'So I will. I've got a magic lantern and Dick Brown has a brand new graphophone, or his brother has! it's all in the family, and I'd just like to know what's to hinder our giving a first-class entertainment; say in the court house or somewhere else.'

'That's so, you've hit it first time.'

'Yes, Dick, but we will all have to work hard to get up an audience, and we can't charge more 'n a quarter.'

'It'll take a heap of quarters to make ten dollars.'

'It will that, but we'll do it. I'm going to begin right off.' And much to the other boys' surprise Dick rushed to the fence, which he cleared at a bound, shouting at the top of his voice meanwhile:

'Uncle Ned! O Uncle Ned! Please hold on a minute.'

A moment later Dick and his young uncle entered the yard by the big gate, conversing earnestly as they came.

'Well, boys, Dick tells me you all are going to astonish the natives.'

'Yes, sir, and I just think such natives as put a big tax on poor old Gooberpeas need astonishing for the good of their morals.'

'Well, Jamie, we won't go back on the venerable city fathers, we will quietly try yielding to their demands. Now, what can I do to help you out in this undertaking?'

'Oh, a heap of things, Uncle Ned. You can tell everybody you see; you can buy a whole lot of tickets. And—oh—I say, can't you get them to let us have the court-room free?'

'I must say you are not at all modest in your demands, but considering the cause in which I am also somewhat interested, I will engage to do all these things.'

'It's a mighty big contract, Colonel Brown.'

'Well, Tom, perhaps it is, but I'll do my best to fill it.'

A rousing 'three times three for the colonel' greeted his ears, as he walked down the street. An amused smile twitched at the corners of his mustache as he listened.

'Live boys those! deserve to be helped! 'Twon't hurt the city dads either to find out they've made a tremendous blunder.'

Thanks to the colonel's exertions and the gratuitous advertising given by the boys' numerous relatives and friends, the court-room was well filled on the evening of the exhibition.

It passed off nicely. As Tom Gordon said afterwards, 'There wasn't a single hitch till the show was over.'

Then something unexpected happened, but then it always is 'the unexpected that happens.' Just as Colonel Brown rose to thank the audience for their presence and appreciative help, Mayor Riley came forward and begged permission to say a few words.

This is what he said: 'I have been greatly interested and instructed by the entertainment given by our young townsmen this evening. For my share in its enjoyment I return them most sincere thanks. I also desire to state that the honorable board of aldermen, having heard of the feeling prevalent among our young townsmen regarding the 'pedlers' tax,' which they had seen fit to levy upon old Uncle Pete Brooks, familiarly known as 'Gooberpeas,' last night in council assembled did remit said tax.'

Here the speaker was interrupted by prolonged applause, supplemeneed by a fervent 'praise de good Lawd' from the open doorway, in which a shining black face appeared. When the audience quieted down Mayor Riley proceeded with his remarks.

'I scarcely feel that I have a right to dictate, but I would like to make a suggestion. As I have been informed a very creditable sum has been realized to-night, a sum which wisely expended would greatly relieve the poverty which I understand exists in Uncle Pete's household (of which, until last evening, I am ashamed to say I was ignorant). Can it not be thus utilized?'

'I think the mayor's suggestion a very timely one. Will all those present who favors its adoption please rise,' said Colonel Brown.

Everyone rose, and the mayor, with a pleased smile, said: 'Thank you, my friends, now I propose that this money be left in the hands of a committee, composed of the young gentlemen who were chiefly instrumental in getting up this entertainment for Uncle Pete's benefit, with Colonel Brown as advisor in general to the boys of whom this town has just reason to be very proud.'

A storm of applause followed Mayor Riley to his seat. Headed by Jamie the boys, one by one, came up and shook hands with him. A very happy crowd they were as they stood pushing and smiling around him. When they started homeward Uncle Pete shuffled along among them, but only Jamie heard him say:

'"Commit dy way unter de Lawd,' dat's de ting ter do, he'll shore 'bring hit ter pass,' he shore will.'

'That's true, as true, and don't forget it next time you're in a peck of trouble, Uncle.'

'No, honey, I 'low es I'se done larned my lesson onct fur all. Tanks ter yore minden me ob hit.'

Every luxury enjoyed by the rumseller and his family comes out of those who patronize his bar; hence, while he takes his comfort napping in his easy chair, or riding in his top-buggy, drawn by a docked horse with a gold-mounted harness, his customers make music with their wood-saws, or trudge along on foot, with bare toes sticking out of their worn-out boots or shoes. Every dollar expended for liquors as a beverage comes out of the landlord, grocer, baker, tailor, butcher, and others who pursue an honest calling. I have rented houses for more than thirty years, and can safely say that three-fourths of all my losses in rents during that period have been due, directly or indirectly, to the use of intoxicating liquors. —'Safeguard.'

Amy's Awakening.

(By Agnes E. Wilson, in 'Forward.')

All the morning long the Christmas shoppers had thronged the aisles of the most popular store in the city, and the shop girls had been kept flying hither and thither, with scarcely a breathing space. So numerous had been the customers that the tables in the little eating house where Marcia Vance and her cousin, Amy Ellsworth, took their lunch, were almost deserted when the girls were finally able to get away for their noonday meal.

'We are late,' Marcia remarked, as she took her place at the table. 'The place is almost empty. We shall have a chance to talk while we eat.'

'I don't feel much like either talking or eating,' Amy replied, leaning back languidly in her chair, and scarcely turning to give her order to the waiter.

'I have such a fearful headache,' she resumed, as the waiter turned away with the orders.

'That is too bad,' Marcia replied, sympathetically. 'You have a great deal of headache, haven't you?'

'I've never known what it is to be well since I went into the store,' Amy answered, with a martyr-like air.

Marcia sat and looked at her curiously. The two girls were nearly of the same age, and had been inseparable companions ever since babyhood. School days were not far behind them; they had left the high school only a few months before to fill positions as clerks. Both had felt themselves very fortunate in securing positions which enabled them to supplement the small family income, while allowing them still to remain at home, and they had been particularly rejoiced that they could still be together. It occurred to Marcia, however, as she sat and watched her cousin, how little they really saw of each other, now, except at the noon hour, when they usually took their luncheon together. She noticed, too, with a little pang of anxiety, how worn and tired Amy looked, and how the pretty face was fast losing its attractiveness by reason of the irritable and peevish expression which was becoming habitual.

The waiter came just then, and Marcia noted, with one quick glance, the contents of the dishes which he set round her cousin's plate. Amy trifled a little with the hot biscuit she had buttered, nibbled a little at a pickle, and at last pushed away the untasted food to give her attention to the pie which she had ordered as dessert.

'Are you going to Mrs. Miller's to-night?' she asked at last, by way of making conversation.

'No,' Marcia replied gravely, her thoughts taking shape rapidly at the new suggestion. 'I suppose you won't feel like going either since your head aches so badly.'

'Oh, I wouldn't miss it for anything. You haven't any idea, Marcia, how much you will miss. You didn't go to the concert last night, either.'

Marcia had been hesitating what to say. For weeks past she had watched her cousin fall behind in her work at the store, and she knew how important it was that Amy should keep her position. She was shocked, to, at the change in the bright girl who had been as healthful and buoyant as herself only a few months before. One more question she asked, merely to gain a moment more to think:

'How do you contrive to go, Amy, when you feel so ill all day? I should think you would be ready to stop when the day's work is done.'

'Oh, it is only a headache, you know. I have some powders at home that will relieve it right away. I take a powder and lie down half an hour, and the headache is all gone. Then I am ready for whatever the evening has in store for me.'

'It generally has something, hasn't it?'

'Why, of course,' Amy replied, with a jarring little laugh. 'What on earth are you so solemn about, Marcia? One would suppose that it was positively wicked not to stay at home and go to bed at ten o'clock, the way you do.'

'I'm not sure that it isn't,' was Marcia's serious answer. She was still searching for the right word. Suddenly she spoke with decision:

'See here, Amy, I don't want to offend you, but I must tell you something. It's a duty you owe to the firm to be able to do the work you are employed to do, if it is possible. It is a simple matter of business honesty. You used to make brilliant recitations in hygiene, Amy, and you know you can't be well when you eat such stuff as this lunch you have ordered to-day. It is no wonder your head aches, when you are up late almost every night; you don't get sufficient sleep. As for those headache powders, mother asked Dr. Merle about them not long ago, and he said that most of them were injurious in their effects, and ought never to be taken except upon a physician's prescription.'

Marcia tried to speak guardedly, but Amy interrupted in an injured tone.

'It's all very well for you to talk, Marcia. You are always well. But I can't eat anything except what you call 'stuff.' I haven't any appetite for roast beef and those things which you ordered. As for all your fine talk about 'business honesty,' and all that, I guess the firm doesn't own their employees, and I'm not going to miss all the pleasure in life, simply to be able to sell their old ribbons and calicoes.'

'Now, Amy,' Marcia interposed, 'don't be angry. But you know, dear, you didn't get home from the concert, last night, until after midnight, and then you had to get up by seven, at the very latest, to get to the store by eight. I suppose you ate a hurried breakfast and rushed to the store; and even then you were several minutes late, you know. Then your headache has kept you from being very efficient, this morning, and, really, do you think, yourself, that it is quite fair?'

Amy rose, languidly.

'Oh, well,' she said, 'we look on the matter quite differently, Marcia. Employers have to take their employees as they are. They contract for eight hours work a day. I don't see that that gives them a right to control the evenings.'

'It doesn't. But they have a right to demand that their employees shall do the work expected of them in the way they want it done. I hate to tell you, Amy, but I'm very much afraid, from the way Mr. Shephard looked at you, this morning, that he was dissatisfied with your work. You wouldn't like to lose your position?'

'No, I wouldn't,' admitted Amy, a bit alarmed at the suggestion. 'But what can I do, Marcia?'

'You can take care of yourself, at least until the Christmas rush is over,' Marcia replied, uncompromisingly. 'Stay at home of evenings, and get enough sleep, and eat proper food, and stop taking medicine. You aren't sick yet, Amy, but you will be if you keep on.'

'But there are so many things going on just now that I can't afford to miss.'

'I know, I feel that way, too, often. But mother always says, "Remember that a working girl's health and strength are worth more to her than her money. Any pleasure that taxes them too heavily is too expensive for her to afford." So, while I often feel that I can't afford to miss things, looking at them in that light, I feel that I can't afford to enjoy them.'

They had reached the store by this time, and quickly separated to work, so that Amy had little time to think over Marcia's words. She was reminded of them, however, by seeing Mr. Shephard's eyes fastened upon her several times during the afternoon. Mr. Shephard was the junior partner, and personally supervised many of the details of the store. Spurred on by Marcia's reminder, Amy was doing her best, but it was not easy, with her throbbing head, to give quick, efficient, and cheerful service.

The day dragged wearily to its close, and the girls were free at last. They met for a moment at the door.

'I'm going to walk home,' Marcia said briskly. 'I feel as if the exercise would do me good.'

'I'm going to take a car and go home and go to bed,' Amy replied, almost crossly. Marcia's health and overflowing spirits were a trial just now.

On the way home she decided to take Marcia's advice. She went immediately to her own room as soon as she reached home, resolutely determined to sleep off the headache rather than take another of the powders which she knew were fast losing their power for her. She rose in the morning, after fourteen hours of solid sleep, feeling brighter than she had for a long time.

'I did need the rest,' she admitted at the table, as she ate her breakfast leisurely. How good everything seemed!

'Isn't the coffee better than usual, mother?'

'Not better than it usually is at this time in the morning,' Mrs. Ellsworth replied, smiling. 'Yours is usually not fresh, you know. Coffee kept warm very long isn't quite so good.'

'Moral—get up to breakfast with the family,' Amy replied, gravely.

'It would be rather a pleasant custom, I think,' Mrs. Ellsworth hinted, gently. 'We see so little of you lately, Amy, that we begin to feel as if we scarcely knew you.'

That morning Amy came down in time to kiss her mother good-by, and linger a moment for a little chat. She had time, too, she found, to walk to the store. She reached there five minutes early, with eyes bright and cheeks glowing from the rapid walk in the crisp air. She was ready for the first customer with a cheery greeting, and all day long entered into her work with a rare zest. At lunch she was ready to share Marcia's dinner of roast beef and vegetables, her quickened appetite needing no indigestible dainties to tempt it.

Mr. Shephard stopped at her counter with a pleasant greeting, that afternoon, while she was putting away her boxes, and she knew that she had pleased him. Mr. Shephard rarely found fault, but he never paused to say pleasant things unless he was satisfied.

'You were right, Marcia,' admitted Amy, as the girls walked home, that evening. 'It is simply a matter of business honesty to be able to do my work; but, really, I didn't realize that my late hours were causing all the trouble. I was charging it all on the confinement and hard work in the store.'

She never knew that her reform came just in time to save her from losing the position

which she valued, though she realized that it came just in time to save her from becoming really ill. 'Aside from the principles of business honesty,' she said to Marcia, 'there is something owing to one's self and one's family.'

'Yes,' said Marcia, shrewdly, 'I thought you would think of that, too.'

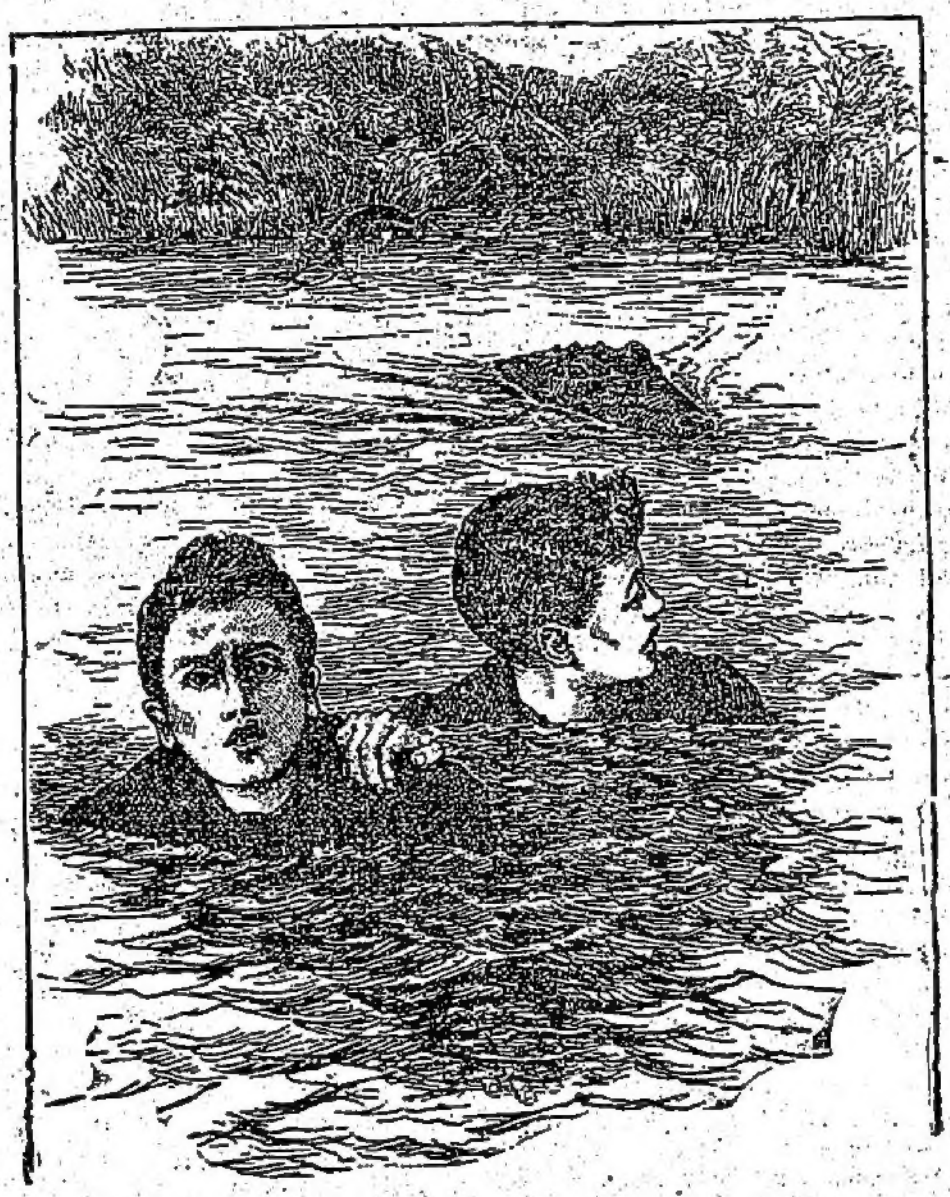
Two Brave Youths.

('Cottager and Artisan.')

The great danger of the rivers in the south of Africa is the same as people have to dread in the Nile—there are so many horrible crocodiles.

On one occasion a Dutchman named Hendricks was crossing the Tugela River with his waggon and several companions.

When the travellers reached the waterside, they turned the waggon into a kind of raft, and poled it across, much as people do with punts and barges in England, while



THE HORRIBLE MONSTER WAS FOLLOWING THEM STILL.

several members of the party began to swim the river on horseback.

There were two boys, named Percy and Lionel Broderick, who were going through the water in this way, while everyone was keeping a sharp look out for crocodiles.

Suddenly a huge monster seized the leg of Lionel's horse. In an instant the boy, terrified, jumped into the river, and Percy, without stopping to think, sprang after him to help him to swim across.

Percy saw that the raft was coming towards them, and he cheered his younger brother up as he saw how hard the men were working with poles and paddles. Lionel could not swim very fast, so Percy told him to rest one hand on his back; and thus they went on together.

The raft was still some way off, though near enough for the boys to see the faces of their friends, when Lionel, looking down the stream, saw a huge crocodile coming towards them.

'He's coming!' he cried. 'Oh, Percy, what shall we do?'

'We won't wait for him at all events!' said Percy, bravely. 'Keep your hand firmly on my back, and we will go as fast as we can. We shall get to the raft before he gets to us.'

But though Percy spoke so bravely he really thought that they could not possibly be saved. But he would not let his brother know this, and he swam on, shouting and splashing to scare the crocodile if possible.

Once he looked over his shoulder; the horrible monster was following them still, and the raft was not within reach yet.

Just then a man was seen running along the bank of the river. Percy saw him raise his rifle; then there was a report, and the crocodile was hit in the head. Crocodiles take a lot of killing, so that the monster was not dead; but he sank for a moment as if startled by such a strange event. That moment was just enough to save the boys, who were pulled up into the raft by Hendricks and their friends.

The man who fired the shot was a Zulu, but I am sure you will agree that if it had not been for Percy's courage and care, little Lionel would not have been saved.

Boys are often physically brave when morally they are not so; that is to say, that they have the courage of a dog or other animal, but not the courage of manliness.

Boys are generally more frightened of being thought prigs, of being laughed at, than of anything else. How much influence for good a boy loses when he lets an opportunity pass for showing that he is for the right, and that he will take no part, active or passive, in what he feels to be wrong! An episode in the life of Bishop Coleridge Patteson ought to be an example to all boys for always. In one of the schools where he was educated, he became one of the school cricket eleven. He was very fond of the game, and was considered to play extremely well. One summer, cricket matches had been very frequent, and it was the custom to end them with a supper, at which generally all the players were present.

The boys became, unfortunately, accustomed to indulge in rather coarse mirth; silly, harmful jokes were circulated, and the talk became thoroughly bad. Patteson, to his credit be it said, and I hope all boys will agree with me, at last could stand it no longer; he rose up from his place one night, and said clearly and decidedly, with a boyish frankness and determination—

'I must leave the eleven if this conversation is to go on; I will not share in it, and I cannot listen to it. If you persist in continuing it, nothing is left me but to go.'

His companions did not want to lose one of their best players, and the hurtful talk was stopped.

A boy need be none the less fond of games, of fun, of harmless chatter and jokes, because he objects to wrong doing and wrong speaking.

Patteson, when he grew to be a man, showed only too well that he could be physically brave too. He died bravely, heroically, on the islands of the Pacific.

No boy likes to be thought a coward, but that boy is a coward who acquiesces in what he feels to be wrong for fear of being laughed at by his companions.

Not I, But Christ.

Not I, but Christ be honored, loved, exalted,
Not I, but Christ be seen, be known, be heard;
Not I, but Christ in every look and action,
Not I, but Christ in every thought and word.

Not I, but Christ in lowly, silent labor,
Not I, but Christ in humble, earnest toil;
Christ, only Christ, no show, no ostentation,
Christ, none but Christ, the gatherer of the spoil.

Christ, only Christ, no idle word e'er spoken,
Christ, only Christ, no needless, bustling sound,
Christ, only Christ, no self-important bearing,
Christ, only Christ, no trace of 'I' be found.

Christ, only Christ, ere long will be my vision,
Glory excelling, soon, full, soon I'll see,
Christ, only Christ, my every thought fulfilling,
Christ, only Christ, my all in all to be.

Nearness.

(By the Rev. W. J. Harsha, D.D., in 'Intelligencer.')

I seem so close to Thee, O Master, here
Where queenly hills descend to meet the lake
Whose placid waters lave their gentle feet—
So close to Thee, so close to Thee.

Where all the landscape breathes Thine essence clear,
And waving fields of providence partake,
And shimmering moon-paths zone the lakelet sweet—
So close, so very close to Thee.

The air is full of yearnings after Thee,
The shadows pray, the clouds adore, the ripples sing,
The moonbeams seem in nestling trust to creep
So close to Thee, so close to Thee.

An Answer to Prayer.

(By Rev. W. T. Worth, in 'Zion's Herald.')

In these hard, materialistic times we are so liable to grow incredulous concerning the ability and tender oversight of our Heavenly Father, that it is well to gain strength for our faith from well-accredited events which show Him to be wonderfully near. The following account, lately given me by the lady who was the principal person in the story, is a very striking illustration of this truth; and it is vouched for by the man whose dog was God's agent in the hour of her need:

'One winter we lived on a lonely New Hampshire country road, only one large farm-house being near. One morning, the weather promising to be fair, my husband and little son left me to go to a neighboring town ten miles away, expecting to return at night. I did not mind being alone, as I was busy about the house; but toward noon, I noticed dark clouds rapidly rising, and the wind began to blow, and soon snowflakes covered the ground. Still I did not feel anxious, but kept a watchful eye down the mountain road, although I knew it was hardly time to expect my loved ones to return. The darkness came on swiftly, and the storm increased in violence, until it seemed as if the roof of the house would be torn off—every old shingle apparently vying with its neighbor in its hurry to be gone.

'Hardly daring to breathe, but longing to scream, I lighted a fire in the great fireplace, and the flames threw their ruddy glow over the room. As I began to realize that I was all alone, I grew more frightened, and I thought, 'I cannot stay here all this night alone.' Not only was the storm to be dreaded, but, early in the day, I had seen two most vicious looking men go by on their way to the village. I knew that they lived in an old shanty below us. They had called once to seek shelter from a slight shower; and, I thought, they will surely think we would give them shelter from such a storm as this. I did not know what to do, for they were never known to come away sober from the village.

'I made up my mind to go to my neighbor's house. When I opened the door the wind nearly took me off my feet, and, blinded by the snow and sleet, I hastily shut the door and went back into the lighted room. But I could not rest. I wandered from room to room, and it seemed as if I should be insane from fright, for never before had I experienced a mountain storm. I have passed through many storms since them; but that stands out with a prominence which will not allow it to be ever forgotten.

'Going to the window and peering out into the darkness, I suddenly felt prompted to pray—not for my family's return, for I hoped they were sheltered from the storm—but I prayed, 'Give me strength, O Lord, to overcome this fear!' And before I finished my prayer it was answered. Above the roar of the storm I heard, under my window, the barking of my neighbor's huge dog. I let him in, all covered as he was with snow, and he walked over to the fire, and lay down, and looked up into my face with an almost human intelligence; as if he would say, 'You needn't be afraid; I'll take care of you.' With a thankful heart I lay down and slept sweetly all night.'

'The owner of the dog told me the next day that in all the years he had owned him never had he known him leave his mat at night; but for two hours they had tried to keep him in, and at last, fearing they would get no sleep if he stayed, they opened the door, and he bounded away into the storm toward our house.'

The lady adds: 'Now by what instinct was he guided? Did he know that the one who had fed and petted him was in deep trouble? I believe then, and believe now, that God sent him.'

Why not? Is it the first time that he has interfered for man's welfare? Some things are recorded in the Scripture which are very similar to this in some particulars. 'Is His arm shortened that He cannot save, or is His ear heavy that He cannot hear?' The 151st hymn in our standard collection contains a verse which breathes the same sentiment:

Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without His high behest
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

Where the Minister Found Help.

(By Frank Baird, in 'Forward.')

'So the evangelists can't come to help you, you say.

Mrs. Murray stood in the study door as she spoke to her husband. He had just received his morning's mail.

'They say they have other engagements,' the minister slowly answered. There was an undertone of disappointment in his words that his wife could not help noticing.

'But you must not lose heart; they may be able to come later,' and, as she spoke, the minister's wife crossed the room and stood at his side.

He did not look up, but he spoke again: 'Not this winter, Mary; see what they say.' He handed her the letter he held in his hand. 'There is little hope of help from any quarter; we must still work along alone, I fear. And there are still so many out of Christ and the church in this place! I had looked with confidence to the coming of the evangelists, and for a large ingathering, but now—well, you see there where it all ends.'

The minister got up, walked to the window, and stood with his hands deep in his pockets, and his mind deep in thought. His wife began to read the letter. By and by she finished. Then she folded the letter, laid it on the table, and went out of the room. She was one of those persons who are wise enough to see that when a man meets a disappointment he would better be left alone with it, for a time, anyway.

The Rev. Hugh Murray was only twenty-eight, but he had been in his present charge for over two years. His course at both colleges had been exceptionally good. He had seldom met anything but success. Two months after his graduation he had received a unanimous call to one of the best congregations in two counties.

The work had progressed with general satisfaction up to within a few months. Then there seemed to have come a time when matters ceased to move forward. The contributions were less, the attendance not so large at the services, the Young People's Society still had life but lacked spirit; and there had been no additions to the church in almost a year.

It was this state of affairs that had prompted the Rev. Hugh Murray to invite to his assistance two well-known and highly-successful evangelists. It was their answer that had brought him his present disappointment.

'Surely I am doing my part,' he mused, as he stood at the window, 'and yet why are things so low?'

To one who is always used to meeting success, anything else comes hard. This was why the young minister felt as he did. He was right in expecting success still; for he had not in the least slackened his own personal efforts. He prayed, studied, visited as usual; why, then, should this turn for the worse—for he felt it really was that—have come?

That night was the regular meeting of the Young People's Society. The minister, after the meeting was over, stated the contents of the letter he had received in the morning. Before he sat down he spoke a few earnst words. Thre was some sadness in them, at his own disappointment and what he knew it meant of disappointment to the society; but there was a depth of feeling in what he said that touched his young hearers. Sentiments, or words either, that come from the heart, go to the heart. If the right chord is struck it will vibrate.

It proved so that night. The minister sat down. His last words had been the wish that even yet some one might be found to come in and help.

There was a pause. The leader was rising to dismiss the meeting, when a girl of fourteen rose in one of the center seats, and began speaking in a low but clear voice:

'I think,' she said, 'I can see where we have made our mistake. We have left all the work to the minister. I think he has done all he can alone. He cannot get the evangelists he wrote for, and I believe God sent them somewhere else, because he wants us to be the evangelists and do the work that needs to be done ourselves. Don't you think we could, if we tried?'

With this, the girl sat down. Her happy thought found a ready echo in the minds of her fellow-members. One after another spoke in the same strain, each adding something new. Before the meeting closed every member of the society had volunteered to pray earnestly, and work faithfully, that those still outside of Christ and the church might be brought in.

Through it all the minister sat silent. He heard the details arranged for personal work. He saw the enthusiasm, and he knew it meant success. From the moment the girl's voice had uttered those words, he felt his helpers had come—they had been with him all the time, and he had failed until to-night to enlist them. He saw his mistake in this answer to his prayer for help and helpers. He had come to the meeting with some hard thoughts as to why God should disappoint him; but now these thoughts were swept away in a great flood of love for him who had given that thought to the girl. It had been one of those things hid from the wise and prudent, but revealed unto babes.

The next meeting of the society was the largest and best in its history. The whole community was moved. The young evangelists did their work faithfully and well. Instead of being one against almost a thousand, the minister had little more to do than to allow himself to be borne along. God had started the movement through a young girl, but he carried it on in the power of his Spirit. God was in it from the first, and it could not fail. In four weeks from the time the young people took their resolve, thirty-seven persons, old and young, had been brought to Christ and received into the church.

A fortnight's beer would place a bible in the hands of every family in the world.

A Blurred Picture.

Minnie Gray's face wore a most unwonted cloud; she was always such a bright, cheery little maiden that when she went down the garden path and across the shady country road to Auntie May's pretty cottage, her aunt asked at once:

'What's troubling you, childie? 'Tisn't often we see a cloud on your face! Come, tell Auntie all about it.'

Tears rose to Minnie's big eyes, and she was silent for a few moments, watching her aunt lifting the white new-laid eggs out of the basket she had brought, and arranging them in a deep soup-tureen.

'To-morrow is the holiday,' she faltered. 'And it's my birthday too—I'll be eleven to-morrow! And we had arranged to row out in Charlie Blair's boat "Viking," as far as St. Mungo's Isle, and—and—' here came a quick shower of tears—'father won't let us! He says it is too far to be safe! It is not!'

Auntie May looked very grave—sad even. She set down the basket, with the pat of fresh butter still in the bottom, wrapped in a cabbage-leaf. She drew Minnie to her side.

'Dearie,' she said seriously. 'Don't you have any blurred pictures among your memories of happy childhood! I have one—oh, I would be glad to see that picture of one holiday free from all mist or stain, but that I never shall this side of eternity! There's a shadow on it for evermore!'

'Please tell me about it,' said Minnie eagerly. Her aunt finished placing the eggs and butter, and she folded up the white cloth, and finally gave the money for both to Minnie, in a twist of white paper, then she sat down, and Minnie took the stool at her knee.

'It is a long time ago now,' she said. 'I was a girl of sixteen, and Nellie, your mother, dear, was a year and a half older. We had a young man, a very dear friend of our brothers who were in Glasgow at business, staying with us for a week. Other two young men, staying with a neighbor of ours, came every day with their sisters, and we had a fresh excursion every day to some place of interest or beauty—our beautiful old Highland home here abounds in such. Every day we managed somehow to get a rowing-boat from someone in the village who owned the two or three heavy boats along the shores of Loch Linnhe or Loch Creran, and we almost lived on the water, but father did not like it. He knew that we were none of us quite skilled in the art of managing a boat if a sudden blast should sweep down over the great mountains, and lash the blue waters into foam and fret. One day he heard us talking of St. Mungo's Isle for the morrow—the very island you wish to visit to-morrow, love! He begged that we would not go there—remember, Minnie, he was ill then, and spending long days in bed while we went a-pleasuring, but he was well attended to, and we never dreamed that he would rise no more from that lingering sickness, he was always so cheery and happy, so interested in our pleasures. He asked us to go to the waterfall instead, for he dreaded the long open stretch of sea, deep and treacherous, and the wild rocky precipices of St. Mungo's Isle. We listened—oh! Minnie—in respectful and apparently interested silence while he dscribed the rough sheep-tracks we must follow, to find the beautiful waterfall in the wood, over the hill. We kissed him good-bye, and we packed our lunch in a little basket, with a bowl of yellow gooseberries and some raspberries in a cabbage-leaf—and—we stole round by the back of the house, and off to the shore where the boat awaited us! We rowed to St. Mungo's Isle, and I dare not say we did not enjoy it, for we did, although the picture of the sweet, kind old face on its pillow came up before me every now and then. Father died soon after, and he never knew the truth on earth—God forgive us! So the pictures of that day, Minnie, are all blurred and misty to me now. Don't you do it, dearie! Don't lay up for the years to come the memory of disobedience, to spoil the sunny pictures of life.'—'Adviser.'

How Alberta Lost the Prize.

('Sunday Friend.')

'Girls,' said the head governess of a young ladies' boarding school to her pupils one morning, at the commencement of the new term,

'it is my intention to offer a prize to the one who, throughout this term, shall have shown the greatest diligence in her studies, and have been most perfect in her behavior.'

This announcement was received in silence, though with an inward sense of pleasure and a determination on the part of each of the young ladies to so conduct themselves as to meet with the approval of their governess, and each vied with the other in their earnest endeavors to win the promised prize.

Alberta Norton, who had been longest in school, was of a very proud nature, and, indeed, delighted to domineer over her school fellows, and many of them, because of her wealth and intellectual attainments, did bow to her wishes.

As the term was nearing its close it became evident to all in the school, and to none more so than to Alberta herself, that she had in Hetty Fordham, a gentle retiring maiden, whose sweet disposition had endeared her to the rest of her companions, a really formidable rival. The result was that a spirit of bitter jealousy began to show itself in the manner in which Alberta regarded and treated Hetty. Soon the prize day would have arrived, and the contest for the honor would be seen to be between these two competitors, and Alberta, fearing that even at the last Hetty should be adjudged the winner of the prize, began to plot in her own mind what she would do to prevent Hetty if possible from gaining the prize.

Hetty's widowed mother, who was too poor to pay the full school fee for her daughter, and yet was ambitious to give her the best education possible, in order to help to pay for her tuition, allowed her to come early every morning to dust and arrange the school-room. 'Doing such "mean" work,' as Alberta sneeringly termed it, made that young lady snub poor Hetty, whose only fault in the matter was, that she was poor, and not ashamed to work honestly for her education.

The governess, on coming into the school a day or two before the term closed, noticed that her desk had been opened and the books and papers disarranged; more than that, the prize which had been offered to the school was missing. 'Which of you young ladies has been at my desk,' she demanded of her pupils, in stern tones. No one answered, but all stood dumb-founded. Again a second time the governess put the question. This time the breathless silence was broken by Alberta Norton, suggesting that all the desks in the school should be opened and searched, to find the missing prize. 'With the exception of Hetty Fordham, we all came in together this morning, and we *found* Hetty as usual busy arranging the desks,' said Alberta. She said no more, but by her tone she endeavored to give the impression that she, at least, suspected Hetty of the theft, though she did not say so in so many words.

Instantly all eyes were turned upon poor Hetty, the now suspected one, whilst the governess went round the room carefully examining every desk, in search of the missing article. At last she came to Hetty's, and there she discovered, neatly wrapped up in paper, the prize which had been stolen.

A feeling of surprise and sorrow seemed to come over the whole school at this discovery; and the governess, holding up the prize, which was a beautifully bound Bible, called to Hetty: 'Hetty, what does this mean?' Poor Hetty could make no reply, she was perfectly innocent of all that had taken place. Alberta with a sense of triumph, and exulting in the feeling that her plan had succeeded, said: 'I told you there was no one here this morning when we came except Hetty, and when we came she locked your desk, and went straight over to her own. We heard her lock your desk.'

Just then one of the teachers, who had been a silent listener, and had witnessed all that had just transpired, went up to Alberta, and holding a large key before her face, said, 'Now, Alberta, you will please tell the young ladies what you did with this key.' Suddenly the color fled from her face and she was deathly pale, the look of triumph and exultation had gone from her countenance, and in the direst confusion, she sank back into her chair. The teacher then told of all that she had witnessed on the previous evening. She said: 'Remaining behind after school last evening, to look over some of the exercise books, I seated myself in the next room, because I wished to be quiet. Presently I heard footsteps, and soon after I saw through the glass door Miss Alberta slyly unlock the class-room door, and going straight to the governess's desk she opened it and took out the Bible; then hurrying across the room, after contenting herself that there was no one about, she placed it in Hetty's desk, and left the room, being careful to lock the door, and deposit the key under the door-mat.' Shamed and disgraced by this exposure, Alberta was expelled from the school, and honest, noble Hetty, once more raised high in the estimation of her governess, teachers and school-fellows, was presented amidst great rejoicings with the prize she had so faithfully contended for and won, and there was not one amongst the others who envied her success, but rather rejoiced with her in her well earned happiness.

Caught.

'Now, children,' said a mother-fish,
'Make haste and swim away,
For yonder dainty morsel hides
A cruel hook, they say.
And if you linger longer here
Perhaps you'll tempted be
To taste the bait the fisherman
Has set so cunningly.'
So off they went, these little fish,
But one, alas! returned,
And all his mother's good advice
And loving counsel spurned.
Said he, 'I don't believe that tale
Of fishermen and hooks;
Mother is over-anxious, and
The worm is what it looks.
So I'll just take some little bites,
And if I find, you know,
That she is right, of course, I will
Immediately let go.'
So he began, this naughty fish,
To swim to left and right,
And every time he passed the bait
He took a little bite.
Till suddenly he felt a prick,
A pang of pain, and lo!
The bait had taken hold of him
And would not let him go!
And through the cool, dim depths drawn up,
He passed far out of sight,
And this is what the oysters said:
'It really served him right.'

* * * * *

And thus it is with foolish folk,
Dear children, who believe,
That when they choose they may with ease
Some sinful habit leave.
Beware of trifling, then, with sin,
Lest you should cry one day,
'My sins take hold on me,' and strive
In vain to turn away.

—E. G. Stuart in 'Toilers of the Deep.'

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 26.

Woes of Intemperance.

TEMPERANCE SUNDAY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Proverbs xxiii., 29-35. Memory verses 29-32.

Home Readings.

M. Prov. 23: 29-35. Woes of Intemperance.
T. Isa. 5: 8-16. God's judgment.
W. Isa. 5: 18-25. Anger of the Lord.
Th. Prov. 20: 1-11. The mocker.
F. Nahum 1: 1-10. Sudden destruction.
S. Isa. 24: 1-12. Desolation.
Su. Matt. 24: 42-51. His portion.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—29. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contention? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

School.—30. They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

31. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

32. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

33. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things.

34. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast.

35. They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not; when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.

Golden Text.

'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'—Prov. xx., 1.

The Bible Class.

Individual Responsibility—Rom. xiv., 7-17: I. Cor. iii., 16, 17: Gal. v., 21-24: Luke xxi., 34: Matt. xxiv., 48-51: Hab. ii., 15: Isa. v., 11-14, 22-24: I. Cor. ix., 25-27: I. Pet. iv., 7; v., 8: I. John iii., 2, 3, 10, 16. Prov. xx., 11.

Suggestions.

There are many ways in which the teacher can present this lesson graphically before his class. He can take his pupils through the Drunkard's Picture Gallery, that they may feel the power of the warning, or he can teach the lesson illustratively.

1. The Drunkard's Mirror, in which he sees himself as he is (v. 29.)
2. The Drunkard's Pedigree, showing how he became a drunkard (30.)
3. The Drunkard's Snare, showing how he was trapped into drunkenness (31.)
4. The Drunkard's Harvest (32.)

—'Peloubet's Notes.

From back numbers of the 'Messenger' many interesting items and facts about Temperance may be gathered with which to make a bright class exercise. A number of such paragraphs should be gathered by the teacher, and distributed among the members of the class to be read by them at home and then told in class. Or the teacher might read them to the class and then ask questions and make comments on them.

Efforts should be made to see that every scholar has signed the pledge. Some Sabbath Schools have a yearly roll of honor, each scholar being invited to sign the pledge for a year, and have his name on the honor roll. It may be considered unnecessary for some boys and girls to sign the pledge because of their apparent freedom from temptation, but the signing of the stronger ones helps the weaker. And a pledge is a safeguard for the strongest. Let all sign this simple pledge, 'I promise, God helping me, to abstain from all intoxicating beverages.'

Let all the scholars look up the Bible class references and find out why they should take a firm stand for Temperance.

If there were no moderate drinkers there would be no drunkards. If the first glass is never taken, the second will never have to be lamented. One man of strong character may drink 'moderately' all his life time, but another following his example will be overcome by the habit, and at last fill a drunkard's grave. The first man is guilty of the second man's death in so far as he tempted him by his example.

Every 'moderate' drinker is guilty of the blood of the drunkard for he has led him and helped him down to death. Taking the social glass may not mean your own ruin, but it is sure to mean the ruin of some one who follows your example. You may think that no one is following your example, but Eternity will clearly reveal the fact that no man has lived for himself alone on this earth. Every life is linked with other lives in unseen and unknown ways, but the awful chain of influence with its important bearings, will be shown before the throne of the Great Judge. Let us seek in every way to be pure and true ourselves, and to help others to live righteously.

Primary Lesson.

How good it is to be clean! How nice it feels to have nice clean clothes on, after a bath! I think that everyone must like being clean. Perhaps some people don't like being washed, but they must enjoy the clean fresh feeling afterward.

Some people are very particular to wash their faces and hands, because they show, but they let their feet get quite grimy. Because they are hidden under shoes and stockings and people can't see them, their owners think they do not matter. What do you think of such people?

Ah, but some people are very particular to keep their face and hands and all their body clean, which is very important, but they neglect a still more important part of them, their heart.

But, do our hearts ever get soiled and spotted or blackened in any way? Yes. Every wrong thought, every unkind or untrue word, every act of naughtiness makes a mark there. 'Oh, but then,' you say, 'our hearts would get all marked up and soiled in a day or two, and at the end of a year would be quite black with marks of naughtiness.' Yes, that is just what happens. If a person did not wash his face for a whole year, would he not look dreadful?

But how can our hearts be washed, can any one see when they are soiled? Yes, our loving Father in heaven sees, and each spot of sin makes him feel sorry. How can we get rid of these horrid spots of ill-temper, untruth, impurity and selfishness? Only by asking the Lord Jesus to wash our hearts in his own precious blood, and believing that he will make us clean as he has promised to. (1. John. 1., 8, 9.) He says that if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness, (which means, from uncleanness of every kind.)

One of the chief things that makes men unclean in their hearts is drinking poison. Why should any one wish to drink poison? They call it beer, or wine, or cider, as the case may be, but it all has the same poison, alcohol, in it. It is a sin to drink alcohol because it hurts your body and your body belongs to God. It is a sin to drink alcohol because it prepares the way for all other sins. Men often kill one another when they are drunk. If a man never takes the first drink of poison, he will never become a drunkard.

C. E Topic.

Dec. 8. 'Until He come.' The Lord's Supper. 1. Cor. 11: 23-28.

Junior C. E.

Dec. 3. 'We can do it'; a lesson of courage from Caleb. Num. 13: 17-31.

Winning Late and Absent Scholars.

The late scholar is no blessing to the Sunday school; yet he is far from being an unmixed evil. A wise teacher will get all possible good out of him. Of course, if possible, he must be converted from his troublesome ways; but care must be taken lest he be transformed into a scholar absent altogether.

Don't let his entrance annoy you. Even late coming may be an earnest effort; but, however that may be, make the best of it. Greet him cordially; see that he is made comfortable, that he has a book; then proceed to utilize him. Give him a short, sharp, comprehensive review for his benefit; but it will help the class. Ask some member to tell him that illustration you had just given; bring up points that need clinching; give him an easy question as soon as possible; call on him to read. Use the opportunity to get a new insight into his character, surroundings, temptations. If the practice becomes a habit, manage to have a quiet talk with him; if he has trials, give him sympthy in large measure. It may be your opportunity to win him for the Master's service.

A teacher called at the home of a boy who had been absent from her class. He had fallen in with bad company, and was losing his interest in everything good.

'Do you think I ought to whip him?' was the mother's question.

Tobacco Catechism.

CHAPTER XXV.—NO CHRISTIAN SHOULD USE TOBACCO.

1. Q.—What does the Bible command?

A.—'Cleanse yourselves from all filthiness of the flesh.'—2nd Corinthians, 7th chapter, 1st verse.

2. Q.—Do Christians who use tobacco follow these teachings?

A.—They do not. Tobacco corrupts and defiles the body. It penetrates blood, bone, and muscle, and courses through all the avenues of social life.

3. Q.—Is the use of tobacco in keeping with a religious life?

A.—No. The 'Christian Advocate' of New York says: 'The man who uses tobacco is indirectly injured in his character. His self-control is weakened. His example unfits him for good works and deeds.'

4. Q.—What is the duty of Christians in regard to the use of tobacco?

A.—The Bible teaches 'Ye are the light of the world. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.' The light which shines through a cloud of tobacco smoke is not destined to throw a very strong, clear light.

5. Q.—Are we our brother's keeper?

A.—Yes, and just to the extent that Christians countenance and support the use of tobacco, so far are they responsible before the bar of human society, before their own conscience, and before God from the evils resulting from it.

6. Q.—What may be said of Christian tobacco users?

A.—'Sent of God to be heralds of truth, righteousness, and purity, yet for want of a little self-denial they have become puffers of smoke, squirters of tobacco juice, exhalers of poison, and exemplers of a filthy, expensive, and injurious habit.'

7. Q.—What have Christian fathers led their boys to do?

A.—By example they have led them into the jaws of the expensive, filthy, remorseless demon of spittle and smoke.

8. Q.—What has the body been called?

A.—The temple of God.—1st Corinthians, 3rd chapter, 16th verse.

9. Q.—What should we then do?

A.—Live a moral life, and 'touch not, taste not, handle not' the unclean and poisonous tobacco. Collossians, 2nd Chapter, 21st verse.

Sunstroke in Inebriates.

Experience in India and other warm countries has indicated an extreme fatality from sunstroke in persons using alcohol to excess. The congestion, and vaso motor paralysis, common in all inebriates, are both predisposing and exciting causes for the coma from the sun's rays. The breaking up the heat

regulating centres of the brain by alcohol leaves the body powerless to resist the sun's rays. Yet this fact is not very widely recognised, and every summer the record of such cases becomes more prominent. Dr. Norton, in the New York 'Medical Journal,' reports 50 cases of sunstroke brought into the Presbyterian Hospital, with the following comment:—'The use of alcohol seemed to have a direct unfavorable influence. The habit was marked in 32 percent, moderate in 46 percent, denied in 10 percent, in the remaining 12 percent, no history could be obtained. Eight persons were markedly alcoholic on admission, and of these four died.'—'Quarterly Journal of Inebriety.'

Your Own.

What if your own were starving,
Fainting with famine pain,
And you should know,
Where golden grow
Rich fruit and golden grain;
Would you hear their wail
As a thrice-told tale,
And turn to your feasting again?

What if your own were thirsting,
And never a drop could gain,
And could you tell
Where a sparkling well,
Poured forth melodious rain;
Would you turn aside
While they gasped and died,
And leave them to their pain?

What if your own were darkened
Without one cheering ray,
And you alone
Could show where shone
The pure sweet light of day;
Would you leave them there
In their dark despair,
And sing on your sunlit way?

What if your own were prisoned
Far in a hostile land,
And the only key
To set them free,
Was held in your command;
Would you breathe free air
While they stifled there,
And wait and hold your hand?

Yet, what else are we doing,
Dear ones, by Christ made free,
If we will not tell
What we know so well
To those across the sea
Who have never heard
One tender word
Of the Lamb of Calvary?

'They are not our own,' you answer?
'They are neither kith nor kin,'?
They are God's own,—
His love alone
Can save them from their sin;
They are Christ's own,—
He left his throne
And died, their souls to win,
—Author Unknown.

Haste to the Rescue.

Hark! what cry arrests mine ear;
Hark! what accents of despair;
'Tis the drunkard's earnest prayer,
Friends of Jesus, hear.

'Godly men, to you we cry;
Rests on you our anxious eye;
Help us, Christians, or we die
In dark despair.'

Hasten, Christians! haste to save
Brothers from the drunkard's grave,
Difficulties boldly brave,
Hark! for help they call.

'Haste then to the rescue!' haste!
See! the souls by drink laid waste;
See! the work of God defaced
In Satan's deadliest thrall.

Go, then, in the Saviour's name,
Snatch those firebrands from the flame;
Deck his royal diadem
With their ransomed souls.

Work, oh! 'Work while yet 'tis day,'
Look to him to show the way!
Naught must tempt you to delay,
In rescuing captive souls
—Waif

Correspondence

Agincourt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister Maude five years old. I have only gone to school a few weeks as I am not very strong.
CLAUDE G. S. (aged 8.)

Melita, Man.

Dear Editor,—A kind friend in Ontario has sent my mother the 'Messenger' for three years. I was one year and a half old when we left Ontario. My mother thought she knew a little boy named Willie who wrote from Valetta. My father and mother came from Scotland, where the broom and the heather grow so pretty. KATIE HELEN S.

Glen, Eden.

Dear Editor,—I live near a river, and will be glad when it comes summer, so as I can go fishing. My father is a postmaster, and we get mails every day. EDNA (aged 12.)

Minesing.

Dear Editor,—I live in the little village of Minesing, situated in the County of Simcoe. It is not a very large village, but it has five churches, and two stores, and a school-house. I never saw any paper I liked as well as this paper. My father has taken the 'Witness' for about twenty years, and my grandmother has taken it for about thirty years. My father built a new brick house this summer, and we are living in it now. MARY O. (aged 13.)

Port Elgin, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I feel quite well acquainted with you, but I suppose you have never heard of me before. I live on a farm where there are plenty of apples and small fruits and where I can get lots of rides on the hay-rack through the fields. My way to school is very pleasant in nice weather for an excellent view of the blue waters of Lake Huron, with its white caps, may be had. One showery morning when the lake looked green a beautiful rain-bow appeared over it. The light-house on the island at Southampton can be seen plainly too, although it is about ten miles away. I have a canary named Beauty, which is fifteen years old. I enjoyed some of the letters from the North-West and Nova Scotia, which told about the country and their occupations there.
EVA MAY B. (aged 9.)

Laurier.

Dear Editor,—We live twelve miles from the railway. We have a mill, and my papa makes flour, chops stuff and saws logs.
ELLEN P. (aged 8.)

Collina, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a member of the Mission Band. My father keeps the post-office. I go to school, we have a lovely teacher.
NETTIE V. (aged 13.)

Collina, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have a black cat, and a white horse named Sandy. I belong to the Mission Band. MAGGIE T. (aged 10.)

Vandeleur.

Dear Editor,—I have an Aunt Kate, in California. I can play on the organ. I go to school and have lots of fun. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. We live on a farm. I go to Sunday-school and say verses. MAGGIE L. D. (aged 9.)

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the beautiful city of London. We have a pretty little summer resort about four miles from this city, and often in the summer we go there on the electric cars, and have a good time. I look forward to getting the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school, and enjoy the stories very much. I have six sisters, and one brother, and we have a merry time when we all get together. GERTRUDE (aged 11.)

Ponder Island, B.C.

Dear Editor,—We have a very nice time in the summer holidays at the beach. The Indians here are not savage. They come every fall, and shoot grouse and deer. Last year I found a grouse nest with two hens eggs in it, and one grouse egg. We have grouse, quail, partridge, pheasants and deer for game JOHN (aged 10.)

Sutton Junc.

Dear Editor,—I live in the Province of Quebec. We have two ponies named Tommy and Dolly, my sister Minnie and I ride them to the Band of Hope in the summer time. We have quite a large Band, and can get up fine entertainments. I go to school every day and like my teacher very much, the school-house is within sixty rods of our house. MABEL S. (aged 13.)

Rydal Bank.

Dear Editor,—We live about a mile from the school. Our teacher's name is Mr. McClure. We like him very much.
D. F. B. (aged 11.)

Rosanna, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw a letter from Louis Henry that interested me, because I live four miles east of Tilsonburg. I have a bird named Dick. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school and like it very much.
MYRTLE W. (aged 9.)

Glen Morris, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in a pretty village on the Grand River. There are hills on each side of the river, and most of the village is in the valley. I live on a hillside and have a beautiful view both up and down the river. We have a nice school in the village with about forty-two scholars. We have a lady teacher, and we all like her very much. My little sister and I have just one pet, a playful little kitten. We call it Toddles because when it was a little thing it was always toddling about in our way. ANNIE C. (aged 11.)

Walters Falls, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a pet pig which I call mine. It comes to me twice a day for its feed, and when it eats its feed it goes back into its pen. I like going to school very much. STANLEY (aged 13.)

Dugald, Man.

Dear Editor,—We had a very severe winter in Manitoba last year. Pa has a skating rink. My three oldest brothers and I go and skate Tuesday and Saturday nights. It is opened at seven, and stops at 10 o'clock. The men play hockey. There is a Literary Society here and they meet every Wednesday evening in the school. We go and we think it is very nice. SARAH (aged 12.)

Aramanth, Laurel, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My home is situated about two miles and a half from Laurel. We live on a farm, a very pretty place in summer. I go to Sabbath-school every Sunday. It is the largest school I know of. I go to school every day and like it very much. If I get along well, I intend to be a school teacher. I had a very pleasant trip this summer, the first time I was on a train. I went to a fair. It was a lovely day, and I enjoyed it very much. STELLA L. (aged 12.)

Tregarva, N. W. T.

Dear Editor,—We have no school in the winter, we had a lady teacher for the summer months. We have a baby 14 months old, she was walking before she was 10 months old, her name is Ruby Bethesda Isabell. My brother Joe is 4 years old. Our papa died last September, we miss him very much for he always was so good to us. ALLIE (aged 8.)

Russell.

Dear Editor,—I have seven sisters and one brother. I think my brother is the best boy that ever wore a hat. ANNIE B. (aged 13.)

Bonaventure River.

Dear Editor,—We go fishing in summer. Sportmen comes here every year to fish salmon. My oldest brother is a farmer in Minnesota. He has been away eleven years. He was home to spend the winter of 96, with us. We live about eleven miles from church, but our minister comes to visit us once a month. I went to school last winter, about thirty miles from home. I stayed with my aunt. One of my brothers is working in a lumber camp on the Grand Cascapedia. A party of us go about five miles up the river in canoes every year to celebrate Dominion day at the sportmen's cottage, and have fire works and sail down about eleven o'clock at night. CLARA T. (aged 10.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Extravagance and Economy.

There are two rocks on which the inexperienced housekeeper is apt to wreck herself; and these are—extravagance on the one hand, and false economy on the other. The first is generally the result of ignorance as to the relative value of things and also the quantities needed, and the latter comes from a laudable endeavor to keep the bills low, and be strictly economical; but to buy cheap and nasty things, that turn out badly, or that people cannot eat, is simply another form of waste and extravagance.

It is no saving to buy rank butter, and eggs every second one of which is either downright bad, or so musty that it ruins any dish however daintly prepared; and cheap coals, that burn to waste in half the usual time and make untold dirt, are not economical.

The same may be said, even more emphatically, of meat that is half bone and gristle, or so tough that it ruins the digestion (and thereby often the temper) of the luckless people who have to eat it.

Quality and not quantity is better in the end, and more satisfactory in every way; all the same, it must be remembered that some discrimination should be used and a little trouble taken in choosing and buying things. The prices of provisions, like other goods, vary very much with different localities, owing to the high rents paid for shops in some neighborhoods and the consequent profits they have to make on their stock.

It is absurd to pay half as much again for an article that is not really superior, simply because it happens to be sold at the shop nearest to you, and saves the trouble of going a little farther; on the other hand, it is equally absurd to pay ten cents or more for car fares to save two cents on something by going to stores far away.

Perfumed Beds.

While many a housewife has made it her habit to lay away the bed linen in lavender scented closets, it was not until recently that the perfumed pad invaded the bed itself. This pad is a thin quilted affair, which has one layer of cotton plentifully besprinkled with the favorite scent—either rose, lavender or violet—in a sachet powder. From time to time the powder is renewed around the edges. The pad is laid between the mattress and the lower sheet.

Pillows are also opened at the corners and sachet powder shaken into the feathers. Those who are fond of the smell of pine woods gather pine needles during the summer and use them about the wide hems of the pads and pillows, making special little sacks for the needles and filling them in flat.

Air, Sunshine and Health.

A city merchant noticed, in the progress of years, that each successive bookkeeper gradually lost his health, and finally died of consumption, however vigorous and robust he was on entering his service. At length it occurred to him that the little rear room where the books were kept, opened on a back yard, so surrounded by high walls that no sunshine came into it from one year's end to another. An upper room, well lighted, was immediately prepared, and his clerks had uniform good health ever after.

To take another case. A whole family became ill, and all remedies seemed to fail of their usual results, when accidentally a window-glass of the family room was broken, in cold weather. It was not repaired, and forthwith there was a marked improvement in the health of the inmates. The physician at once traced the connection, discontinued his medicines, and ordered that the window-pane should not be replaced.

A French lady became ill. The most eminent physicians of her time were called in, but failed to restore her. At length Dupeytren, the Napoleon of physic, was consulted. He noticed that she lived in a dim room, into which the sun never shone, the house being situated in one of the narrow streets, or, rather, lanes of Paris. He at once ordered more airy and cheerful apartments, and all her complaints vanished.

The lungs of a dog become tuberculated (consumptive) in a few weeks if kept confined in a dark cellar. The most common plant grows weak and pale and unattractive if no sunlight falls upon it. The greatest medical men regard sunshine and pure air as equal agents in restoring and maintaining health.

Kitchen Help.

A woman should have all the appliances that will really lighten the labor in her kitchen. Many of these things are inexpensive, and any one who has a little ingenuity can arrange them.

Perhaps you cannot afford one of the very convenient kitchen cabinets that are so widely advertised, but a set of bracket shelves, securely fastened to the wall above the flour chest is a boon to the housewife who must go back and forth from the pantry to the kitchen with every cupful of flour or teasponful of salt or soda she uses.

Celery Cream a Good White Soup.

Celery cream is a most delicious and little known white soup. Have some good veal stock, or the water in which chickens have been boiled, reduced until it is rich enough, will do, or some very rich mutton broth, but either of the former is preferable; then put on half a cup of rice in a pint of rich milk, and grate into it the white part and root of two heads of celery. Let the rice milk cook very slowly at the back of the range, adding more milk before it gets at all stiff; when tender enough to mash through a coarse sieve or fine colander add to it the stock, which must have been strained and be quite free from sediment. Season with salt and a little white pepper or cayenne. Boil all together gently for a few minutes. It should look like rich cream, and be strongly flavored with celery. This recipe will make about three pints of soup.

It should be remembered that in making cream of spinach soup no water is added to the spinach when it is put on to be cooked. It should be washed thoroughly, and not drained, before being put into the kettle. The water that will adhere to the leaves is sufficient moisture for its cooking, and burning is prevented by putting it into a double boiler. It should be cooked until soft enough to be rubbed through a colander before it is added to the hot milk that has been thickened with flour and butter.

'CENTURY' EDITOR'S TRIBUTE.

Public Responsibility.

The people are responsible for newspaper sensationalism.

'One of the best tests you can find of the moral calibre of a periodical is in the character of its advertising. By the sense of responsibility shown in the advertisements admitted you may not be able to discern the religious denomination, but you can gauge correctly the moral grade of the proprietor. That the public mind is vulgarized by the swash served in the sensational papers is certain, and it is to be hoped that there will soon be a reaction. Just what degree of excellence in journalism the public are prepared for is a question. It is perhaps not to be expected that people without culture will show fine taste and discrimination, but at the same time we know very well that some of the best literature has the widest circulation. One would think from this evidence that there is opportunity for the best in newspapers. The people have the notion that "a one cent crime is no sin." Readers ought to realize that they themselves are largely responsible for the sensationalism of the daily papers. They can't put all the blame on the speculative proprietors with their rotary presses and cheap processes. If readers are self-indulgent and willing to gratify curiosity by patronizing and helping support the more trashy publications the moral responsibility rests on them as well as on the owners. Publishers will furnish better papers if readers refuse to buy poor ones. We need not carry the sense of responsibility to the point of morbidness, but we should feel and act accordingly. Upon the public rests the duty of selection.'—Interview with Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the 'Century Magazine,' New York, as reported in 'The Outlook.'

From PROF. GEIKIE,
Dean of Trinity Medical College.

Holyrood Villa,
Toronto.

I enjoy the 'Witness' very much and prize it highly. The 'Witness' does its duty fully at all events. I have read the paper from my boyhood and my father took it from the first. I shall take it while I live.

Yours faithfully,
WALTER B. GEIKIE.

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